

A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

WESTERN

APR.

10¢

NO. 71



SECRET OF THE RIVER

A GUN-SMOKING
WESTERN
ADVENTURE

Extra

GABBY
HAYES



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX BITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



MONTE HALE

and The SECRET of THE RIVER



LOOK! IT'S
A BODY BEING
CARRIED ALONG
BY THE RIVER!

AND THERE
GOES MONTE
HALE! HE AIMS
TO PULL IT OUT—
OR TO JOIN IT
PERMANENTLY!

EACH YEAR THE WINTER-WEARY SETTLERS OF THE RIVER PLATTS REGION WAITED EAGERLY FOR THE SPRING BREAK. UP OF THE FROZEN TORRENT! BUT THIS YEAR, AS ENORMOUS CAKES OF ICE CLASHED ALONG THE PLATTS'S COURSE, PROOF OF A STRANGE AND HORRIFYING CRIME WAS REVEALED! RIDE WITH MONTE HALE AS HE RISKS CERTAIN DEATH TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE RIVER!

WINTER IS NEARING ITS END! BUT ON THE SLOPES OF THE SHOSHONE RANGE, DEEP SNOW DRIFTS REMAIN.

THESE DRIFTS MAKE IT MIGHTY HARD FOR ME TO REACH EAGLE PASS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT IF I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MARSHAL DUANE McLOUDY!

DUANE CAME UP TO EAGLE PASS LAST FALL IN SEARCH OF A CATTLE KUSTLER WHO'D BEEN RAIDING THE LOW COUNTRY! SINCE THEN HE HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM— AND I AM TO DISCOVER WHY!



AFTER HOURS OF STRUGGLING THROUGH THE DEEP DRIFTS...



THERE IT IS AT LAST! EAGLE PASS! I'LL BE THERE SOON!

BUT AS MONTE ENTERS THE SNOWBOUND SETTLEMENT...

I CAN HEAR THE ICE STARTING TO CRACK, JIM! MAYBE I'LL BE THE WINNER!

THE RIVER'S BEGINNING TO BREAK UP!

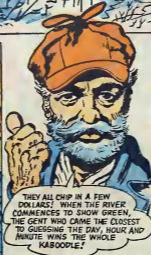


HHMM! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



HOWDY, MISTER! I JUST CAME INTO TOWN! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT?

EACH YEAR AT THIS TIME WHEN THE FROZEN RIVER PLATTE STARTS TO BREAK UP, ALL THE HOMEBODIES WHO LIVE IN EAGLE PASS BET ON THE EXACT TIME IT'LL HAPPEN!



THEY ALL CHIP IN A FEW DOLLARS! WHEN THE RIVER COMMENCES TO SHOW GREEN, THE GENT WHO CAME THE CLOSEST TO GUESSING THE DAY, HOUR AND MINUTE WINS THE WHOLE KABOODLE!



THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, MISTER! BUT TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF MARSHAL DUANE MCLOUD?

WE HAVEN'T SEEN A LAWMAN UP HERE ALL WINTER!



THAT'S BAD! I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT ANYTHING FROM JEFF SCHMIDT, THE BARBER HERE IN TOWN! JEFF AND I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD BUDDIES YEARS AGO!

AS MONTE ENTERS THE BARBER SHOP...

WELL, LOOK WHO THE SPRING BREEZES BLEW IN!

HOWDY, JEFF! I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU AS SOON AS YOU'RE THROUGH WITH YOUR CUSTOMER!



SOON...

SO THAT'S IT, JEFF!

I KNOW THAT MARSHAL MCLOUD CAME UP TOWARD EAGLE PASS DURING THE FALL IN PURSUIT OF A CATTLE RUSTLER! WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM DOWN ON THE PLAIN SINCE!



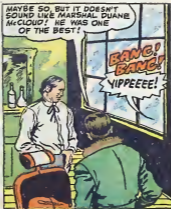
WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM UP HERE AT ALL, MONTE! HE MUST HAVE PLUMB DISAPPEARED!

MONTE HALE WESTERN

OF COURSE, HE COULD HAVE
GOTTEN HURT AND FROZEN
OR STARVED TO DEATH!



MAYBE SO, BUT IT DOESN'T
SOUND LIKE MARSHAL DUANE
McCLOUD! HE WAS ONE
OF THE BEST!



WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

IT'S THE RIVER
PLATTE, MONTE!
SHE'S GOING
AT LAST!



SEE THOSE CRACKS AND THE
GREEN WATER UNDERNEATH!
IT'S THE SPRING BREAK-UP!

OX BARKLEY'S THE
WINNER! HE PICKED
IT ALMOST TO THE
MINUTE!



HERE YOU ARE, OX!
YOU WON THE PRIZE,
FAIR AND SQUARE!

THANKS, MEN! I RECKON
I WAS MIGHTY
LUCKY!



BUT, AS THE CROWD SWIRLS AROUND THE WINNER,
A SMALL BOY NOTICES SOMETHING AMID THE
GRINDING ICE CAKES!

LOOK! THERE'S
A BODY
DOWN THERE!

A BODY!
LET'S SEE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I'VE
GOT TO PULL IT OUT!

MONTE, YOU CAN'T
DIVE INTO THAT! THOSE
ICE CAKES'LL SMASH
YOU INTO A
PULP!



BUT THE GIANT COWBOY DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR!



MADE IT! NOW TO GET BACK TO SHORE WITH THIS BODY!



AS MONTE BATTLES DESPERATELY JEFF SCHMIDT PREPARES A LOOP!



THANKS, JEFF!

HANG ON, MONTE! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE, PRONTO!



THERE! NOW TO SEE WHO THIS POOR CRITTER IS!



IT --- IT'S MARSHAL DUANE MCCLOUD! IT LOOKS AS IF HE WAS SHOT AND THROWN INTO THE RIVER 'WAY BACK LAST FALL!

YOU MEAN, THE RIVER FROZE AROUND HIM AND HELD HIM THERE, MONTE?



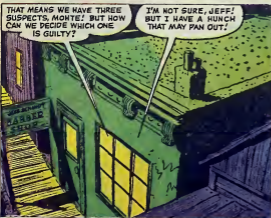
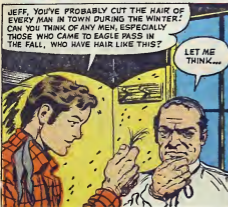
YES! HE MUST HAVE BEEN FLUNG IN JUST AS THE ICE WAS FORMING. IT CAUGHT AND HELD HIS BODY THERE, PRESERVING IT PERFECTLY UNTIL NOW!



IF SOMEONE SHOT HIM DURING THE FALL, THE KILLER IS STILL IN TOWN! THE SNOWS HAVE BEEN SO BAD THAT NO ON HAS BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE EAGLE PASS, FROM THAT TIME TILL NOW!



I'M GOING TO DO MY LEVEL BEST TO FIND WHO THE GUNMAN IS. STARTING RIGHT NOW!



THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE EAGLE PASS GRANGE HALL...



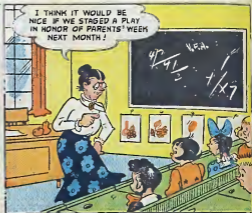
HOWDY, IRON JIM! HOWDY, MEX! WILL YOU TWO SIT ON THAT BENCH AT THE FRONT OF THE HALL?



SOON... I RECKON EVERYONE KNOWS WHY THIS MEETING HAS BEEN CALLED! TODAY, WHEN THE RIVER BROKE UP, THE BODY OF MARSHAL DUANE MCLOUD WAS DISCOVERED! THE KILLER HAD SHOT HIM FROM BEHIND AND FLUNG HIM IN THE RIVER, HOPING PROOF OF HIS CRIME WOULD BE WASHED OUT OF THE SIGHT OF MAN! BUT THE RIVER FROZE AND HELD THE BODY!









GABBY HAYES

and **The PESTY NESTER**

BAR NOTHING RANCH

GET GOING, CORKER!
WE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHAT ALL THE
SHOOTING'S FOR!

BANG!
BANG!

WILD SHOTS RING OUT ACROSS
THE WESTERN PLAINS ... AND
GABBY HAYES, FEARLESS
FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING
RANCH, RACES TO
INVESTIGATE.

MEANWHILE, SOUTH OF THE BAR NOTHING BORDER ---

HEY THAR, WHUT IN
TARNATION YUH
DOING, FELLERS?

WE'LL SHOW YUH,
YUH PESTY
NESTER!

BANG!



US COWMEN DONT LIKE
SODBUSTERS. WE AIM
TO WRECK YORE FARM,
BUT WE MAY SPARE
YORE LIFE IF YUH
DANCE PURTY!

CRASH!

OW!
HEY!



OW! YUH
POTTED ME
IN THE
FOOT!

AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! THAT'LL
LEARN YUH THIS LAND IS FOR
CATTLE -- NOT CABBAGES!
COME ON, BOYS, LET'S
VAMOOSE!

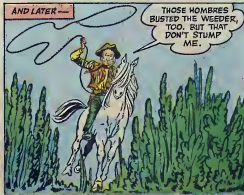
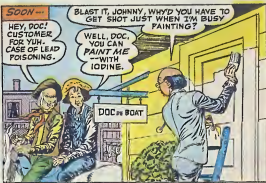


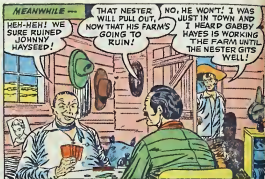
SECONDS LATER ---

JOHNNY HAYSEED,
WHAT HAPPENED?

THREE VARMINTS SHOWED
UP! ONE BULLETED MUH BUNION
AND THE OTHERS TORNADOED
MUH TOOLS!









MONTE HALE

in PERDITION FEVER

LOOK!
IT'S THE
OUTLAWS!
AFTER
THEM!

BANG!

BE
CAREFUL!
IT'S A TRAP!
THEY'RE
SPRAYING
TICKS DOWN
ON US!

Monte Hale
knew no fear
when faced by
hulking badmen
whose Winchesters
spat leaden death!

Thundering
locomotives, roar-
ing avalanches
and dust-hazed
stampedes meant
little to the
towering cowhand!
But when Monte
was menaced by
the deadly bite of
the spotted tick,
it took all of the
giant cowboy's
courage to keep
going in pursuit of
the spreaders of
PERDITION FEVER!

As Monte
Hale rides
into a
remote
village--

HOLD ON, PARD!
LOOK AT THOSE
HOMBRES STAGGERING
ALONG! THEY CAN
HARDLY STAND UP!

OH H H H H!

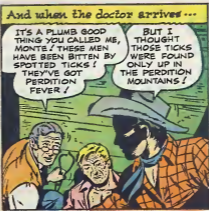
HAW! RECKON
THESE GENTS
GOT LICKERED
UP ON
MOUNTAIN
MOONSHINE!

MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT, OLD
TIMER! BUT
I'LL JUST
TAKE A LOOK
AT THEM!

BEN'S PLACE



THESE MEN ARE SICK!
THEY'RE BURNING UP
WITH FEVER AND THEIR
SKIN IS COVERED WITH
SPOTS! I'D BETTER
GET A DOCTOR!



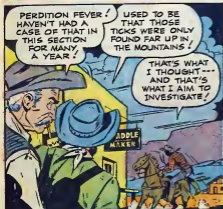
And when the doctor arrives...

IT'S A PLUMB GOOD
THING YOU CALLED ME,
MONTE! THESE MEN
HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY
SPOTTED TICKS!
THEY'VE GOT
PERDITION
FEVER!

BUT I
THOUGHT
THOSE TICKS
WERE FOUND
ONLY UP IN
THE PERDITION
MOUNTAINS!



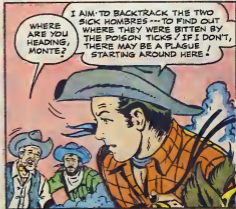
MAYBE SO,
MONTE! BUT THE
DISEASE IS
UNMISTAKABLE!
I'D BETTER GET
THESE VICTIMS
TO THE
HOSPITAL!



PERDITION FEVER!
HAVEN'T HAD A
CASE OF THAT IN
THIS SECTION
FOR MANY
A YEAR!

USED TO BE
THAT THOSE
TICKS WERE ONLY
FOUND FAR UP IN
THE MOUNTAINS!

THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT---
AND THAT'S
WHAT I AIM TO
INVESTIGATE!



WHERE
ARE YOU
HEADING,
MONTE?

I AIM TO BACKTRACK THE TWO
SICK HOMBRES---TO FIND OUT
WHERE THEY WERE BITTEN BY
THE POISON TICKS! IF I DON'T,
THERE MAY BE A PLAGUE!
STARTING AROUND HERE!

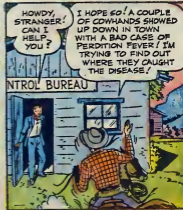


Monte rides swiftly,
his keen eyes
tracing the
faint trail of
the two men.

HMMM! THEY
CAME DOWN FROM
THAT PASS, UP
YONDER!

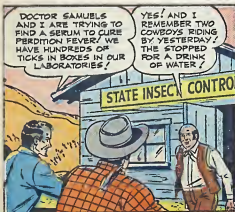


THERE'S A CABIN,
NESTLED IN THE
TREES! I'LL MAKE
SOME INQUIRIES
THERE!



HOWDY,
STRANGER!
CAN I
HELP
YOU?

I HOPE SO! A COUPLE
OF COWHANDS SHOWED
UP DOWN IN TOWN
WITH A BAD CASE OF
PERDITION FEVER! I'M
TRYING TO FIND OUT
WHERE THEY CAUGHT
THE DISEASE!



But when Monte reaches the lower valley...

SHOTS! AND THEY SEEM TO BE COMING FROM BACK UP IN THE HILLS! I'D BETTER HEAD BACK UP TO THE SCIENTISTS' CAMP AND SEE IF ANYTHING'S WRONG!

BANG!
BANG!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GENTS?

CUT US LOOSE, MONTE, AND WE'LL TELL YOU.

THERE! WHO FIRED THOSE SHOTS AND TIED YOU UP?

THREE MEAN LOOKING RIDERS CAME INTO CAMP A LITTLE WHILE AFTER YOU LEFT! WHEN I SAW THAT THEY MEANT TROUBLE, I TRIED TO SIGNAL YOU FOR HELP, BUT THEY SHOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND!

THEN THEY TIED US UP AND LOADED A WHOLE BATCH OF OUR TICKS ONTO A PACK HORSE!

THEY TOOK ALL THE GLOVES AND MASKS WE USED IN HANDLING THE INSECTS AND RODE OFF WITH THE WHOLE COLLECTION!

BUT WHAT DO THEY PLAN TO DO WITH THE TICKS?

A week later, after word of the strange raid has spread throughout the countryside...

WHAT DO YOU CONSUMED IDIOTS THINK YOU'RE DOING?

HOLDING UP YOUR BANK, MISTER! AND IF YOU TRY TO STOP US, WE'RE THROWING THESE TICKS INTO THE AIR! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE THIS WHOLE TOWN COME DOWN WITH PERDITION FEVER?

IT WORKED! AS SOON AS WE THREATENED THEM WITH THE TICKS, THEY WERE PETRIFIED.

AND IT'S GOING TO WORK AGAIN! WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES!

Later, Monte has a meeting with the local sheriff---

I KNOW, SHERIFF! AND I AIM TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MONTE, IT LOOKS BAD! WITH THOSE TICKS AS A WEAPON, NO ONE WILL STAND UP TO THOSE GUNSELS!

WANTED!

In the days following, the outlaws pull several successful jobs. Then ...

THERE THEY GO! I HAD A HUNCH THEY'D TRY TO ROB THE ALAMOSA EXPRESS. NOW TO TRY TO PUT A LOOP ON THEM!

I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE ANOTHER SNAP! I BET THAT TRAIN PAYLOAD WILL ADD UP TO TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

MAYBE! BUT LOOK BACK, JIM! MONTE HALE IS ON OUR TRAIL!

SO WHAT? I'LL JUST LEAVE THESE TICKS AS A LITTLE SOUVENIR ON THE BUSHES ALONG THE TRAIL! WHEN HALE COMES ALONG -- HE'S DUE FOR A SURPRISE!

Monte rides up at top speed and...

RECKON THIS IS AS CLOSE TO THEM AS IT'S SAFE TO GO! I'LL TAKE A POT-SHOT!

BANG!

GOOD ENOUGH! I'LL TAKE THE HOMBRE I WINGED BACK TO TOWN-- AND WE'LL SEE WHETHER HE'LL TELL US WHERE TO FIND THE HIDE-OUT OF THE OTHER TWO!

Later in the jail...

TALK, MISTER! WHERE'S YOUR HIDE-OUT?

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME TALK!

NO? THEN HOW ABOUT MY DROPPING THIS SPOTTED TICK ON YOU?

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO CATCH PERDITION FEVER! I'LL TALK!

When the outlaw has revealed the gang's hide-out, he is promptly locked up!

GOOD WORK, MONTE! BUT WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT TICK?

ON ME, SHERIFF! WHEN I GOT TO THE JAIL, I FELT IT BITING ME!

THAT MEANS YOU'LL GET PERDITION FEVER! YOU'D BETTER GET RIGHT TO BED! WE'LL CALL A DOCTOR!

NO! I STARTED THIS JOB AND I AIM TO FINISH IT! I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO KEEP GOING LONG ENOUGH, BEFORE THE FEVER WRECKS ME!

WANTED!

HOLD ON, MONTE! THOSE OUTLAWS WILL STILL BE ABLE TO SET A TRAP FOR US WITH TICKS WHEN WE REACH THEIR HIDE-OUT!

I THOUGHT OF THAT! ON MY WAY BACK WITH THAT CAPTURED OUTLAW, I HAD A TALK WITH THE GENTS IN THE INSECT CONTROL STATION!

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT A BIRD CALLED THE LUNAR WARBLER THAT IS A DEADLY ENEMY OF THE SPOTTED TICKS! SO I ASKED THEM TO NET ME A BATCH OF THE WARBLERS!

Soon, at the scientist's cabin...

HELLO, MONTE! WE FOLLOWED YOUR ORDERS! WE NETTED A WHOLE CAGE FULL OF LUNAR WARBLERS!

GOOD! THEN SADDLE UP AND RIDE ALONG WITH US!

As the strange expedition pounds along, the outlaws keep a sharp lookout!

NOW THAT THEY'VE NABBED JIM, MONTE AND THE SHERIFF ARE LIABLE TO PAY US A VISIT! AND WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO MOVE OUR LOOT YET FROM THE CAVE!

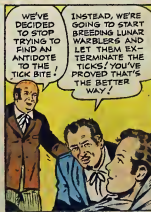
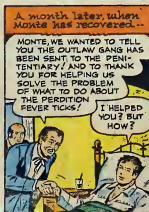
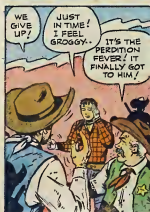
SO WHAT! WE'VE GOT A TRAP RIGGED UP THAT'LL KEEP 'EM AT A DISTANCE!

The trap--is a bucket filled with spotted ticks, hanging from a bough over the trail leading to the cave hide-out!

Soon--

I'LL PULL THE ROPE--AND DUMP THE TICKS ON THEM!

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!



FEAST OF THE LONGBOWS

A Gray Hawk Story

By Dick Kraus



EYES gleaming with savage fury, the giant grizzly lunged toward Gray Hawk. The slender Otapi youth sprang away, barely averting the vicious claws of the raging beast. His heart pounding like a trip-bammer, Gray Hawk spied a nearby oak. He leaped with all his strength toward the lowest limb of the tree and found it within his grasp! But as he pulled himself up, the huge bear was upon him, raking with his great paws! Gray Hawk felt the claws dig into his leg, pulling him down, down. . . Desperately, he attempted to pull upward to safety, but he felt his strength ebb away!

And then, suddenly, Gray Hawk heard the swift hiss of feathered shafts humming through the forest air! The towering grizzly shuddered and twisted away as four arrows buried deep in his throat. Eyes rapidly glazing, the beast sank to the ground . . . slain!

Gray Hawk dropped from the limb, his injured leg giving way beneath him. As he sprawled there, the Otapi youth saw four broad-shouldered, grim-faced braves treading into the clearing, hickory bows in hand. Struggling to his feet, he stammered, "Thank you! I—I have been trailing a deer, when this bear sprang out of a thicket at me! He smashed my bow and he would have killed me . . . if you had not come along."

The strange warriors regarded him impassively. One of them, evidently the leader, stepped forward, hand raised to his forehead. There Gray Hawk saw a tiny painted symbol, a marking that struck terror at his heart. "Do you not know this paint?" the warrior asked. "It is the marking of the Wahonta, the Longbows of the plains! You are an Otapi, stripling, and your people and ours are blood enemies . . ."

"B-but you saved me from the bear," Gray Hawk said in puzzlement!

Stern mirth briefly crossed the Wahonta's lined visage. "He would have scented us in a moment," he said scornfully. "We were saving ourselves, boy! But now that you are our prisoner, perhaps we can make use of you." He turned to the other heavily-muscled Longbow warriors who stood at his side, weapons in hand. Rapidly he exchanged words with them in a language that the Otapi boy did not understand. Then he turned back to Gray Hawk. "It is settled," he said. "We are taking you with us as a hostage! Early tomorrow morning, we will attack the camp of your fathers! You will lead us there! Do not think to escape or . . ." He touched his quiver meaningfully, and Gray Hawk recalled the many tales he had heard of the deadly accuracy of the Wahontas with their hickory longbows!

Scant moments later, without having troubled to bind up Gray Hawk's painful leg wounds, they were pacing through the forest trails. Limping badly, the Otapi youth realized that he would have no chance of slipping away from the Longbows! He could not move quickly enough, or they would cut him down in a moment.

Still Gray Hawk hesitated, his mind racing. . .

He could refuse to help the Wahonta at all, in which case they would probably take his life and find their own way to the Otapi settlement! Or he could go along with them until, in some way, the chance came to escape them and warn his people! The son of the Otapi chief chose the latter plan.

Through the day they traveled. When dusk covered the forest land, the Longbow chief raised his hand to signal a halt. He pointed at a clearing by a cliff-face ahead. "This will be our camp through the early hours of the night," he said. "Before dawn, we will rise to

attack the Otapi village." He turned to Gray Hawk, eyes glittering with inner cruelty. "You, boy! You will cook our supper while we make our plans."

Handing the slim youth a pouch full of venison which one of them had been carrying, the Wahontas crouched about in a circle. Talking in low tones, they began to sharpen their knives and tomahawks, preparing for the attack.

His heart leaden within him, Gray Hawk built a small campfire and cut up the venison. Then, as he limped slowly to the edge of the clearing to gather more firewood, he saw several familiar white forms half hidden in the grass. They were mushrooms—the same kind that he had often found at home around the Otapi camp. Some of them were perfectly good to eat. But others which had a faint yellow fringe around their edges were poisonous! More than once, an unwary Otapi squaw had prepared this kind—and made her family very ill! No one had ever died from them, but the cramps had been very severe for several hours. . .

Quickly bending over, he gathered an armful of the mushrooms. In his hand, he kept several that had no yellow tinge to them. But the others were all of the poisonous kind! Then, returning to the fire, he began to broil the venison and mushrooms together, making a paste to coat them with powdered corn. The food cooked quickly and soon its delicious aroma filled the forest clearing.

When Gray Hawk brought the finished meal to his captors, bearing it on a broad, flat stone, they turned to it eagerly.

"It is good!" one of them muttered. "The youth cooks as well as a squaw!" But he was suddenly interrupted by the leader of the Wahontas, who pointed suspiciously at the mushrooms. "These! The white flower that grows in the forest! You are trying to poison us." His eyes were hard, and his taut fingers began to probe for his belt knife!

Quickly Gray Hawk protested. "No!" he exclaimed. "These are good! See, I will eat some myself!"

Seizing a handful of the food, he began to gulp it down with evident enjoyment! As the Longbows watched him, their suspicions lessened. Finally, seeing that nothing was happening to him, they fell to with a will—eating noisily and roughly! Their faces smeared and greasy, they finally finished the venison and mushrooms and leaned back.

By now it was quite dark. Gray Hawk began to edge away, realizing that if one of the braves became sick before the others, he would be in grave danger! But the Otapi youth was in good luck! For almost at the same moment, each of the Wahontas clutched at his belly! Groaning loudly, they doubled forward, seized by rending cramps. Snarling, one of them reached for his bow, glaring at Gray Hawk!

But the alert youth kicked it away from his grasp. A moment later, the man was sprawled helplessly on the ground, next to his fellows! Quickly, Gray Hawk seized one of the Longbows' tomahawks. With it he broke each of the hickory bows in turn.

Then limping to the edge of the clearing, Gray Hawk taunted his pain-wracked foes.

"Next time, perhaps you will not be so ready to eat the food of an Otapi cook—or to think of attacking an Otapi village!"

WITH that, he hobbled into the forest! Heading for home at a slow pace, he knew that there was no danger of the Wahontas following him! They would be sick for many hours, and when they recovered they would be helpless without their bows! And, in addition, Gray Hawk knew, they would be puzzled by the fact that he had eaten the mushrooms and not been affected, while they were immediately seized by terrible cramps!

Gray Hawk chuckled. "If they had looked closer, they would have seen that I ate only the all-white mushrooms, which I kept for myself. And they ate the plants with the yellow fringe! But they will never know—and I think they will never again come into this forest!"

THE END

*Roam the forests with GRAY HAWK
each month in MONTE HALE WESTERN*

OLD SLICK A GOOD IDEA!

Fawcett Motion Picture Comics brings you...

PARAMOUNT
PICTURES...

- ☆ FANTASTIC!
- ☆ STUPENDOUS!
- ☆ UNBELIEVABLE!
- ☆ ASTONISHING!

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

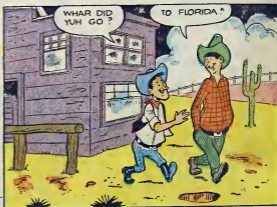
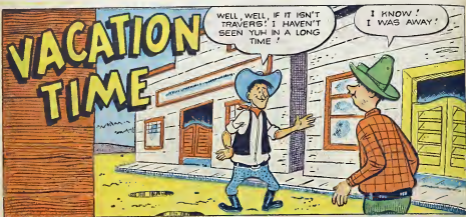
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

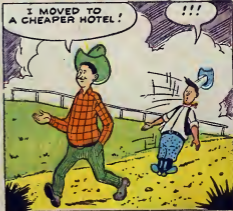
☆
DON'T MISS
THE MOVIE!

DON'T MISS THE COMIC!

10¢ GET YOUR COPY AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

VACATION TIME







MONTE HALE

and The
**TOO SMART
KILLER!**

HARRY ARCHER
WAS A SMART
HOMBRE!
SMART ENOUGH TO
COMMIT MURDER AND
ESCAPE! SMART ENOUGH TO THROW
MONTE HALE OFF HIS TRAIL! BUT FATE
HAD ONE LAST TRICK TO PLAY ON HARRY
ARCHER THAT TURNED THE TABLES ON THE
TOO SMART KILLER!

AT THE HOTEL IN BROKEN WHEEL.....

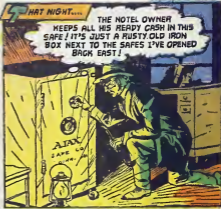
WHO'S THAT TALL HOMBRE
COMING IN? MUST BE NEARLY
SIX AND A HALF FEET
TALL!

WHY, THAT'S
MONTE HALE,
THE GIANT COWBOY,
MR. ARCHER! I
FIGGERED EVERYBODY
KNEW HIM!

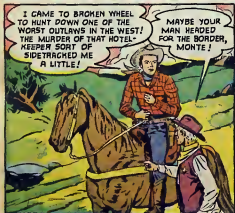
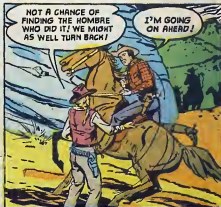
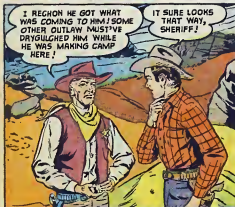
MONTE HALE'S THE
FASTEST GUN HAND IN
THESE PARTS! AND HE'S
MIGHTY ROUGH ON
CROOKS!

HMMM! HE SHORE
LOOKS BIG ENOUGH
TO HANDLE ANY
TROUBLE THAT
COMES ALONG!











STRAINING FORWARD WITH GIANT STRIDES, PARDNER VAINLY TRIES TO OUTFRAN THE AVALANCHE OF FALLING ROCK! THEN....



